Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be heare at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamord of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company?
I bring thee tidings of the princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Ro. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world.
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, mistearmd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankefulnesse,
Thy fault our law calles death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment.

This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
Ro Tis torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues and euery cat and dog,
And little mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished,
Flies may doe this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt no sharp ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though neere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp Philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad men haue no eares.
Ro. How should they, when wise men haue no eyes.